



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

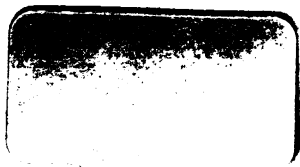
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

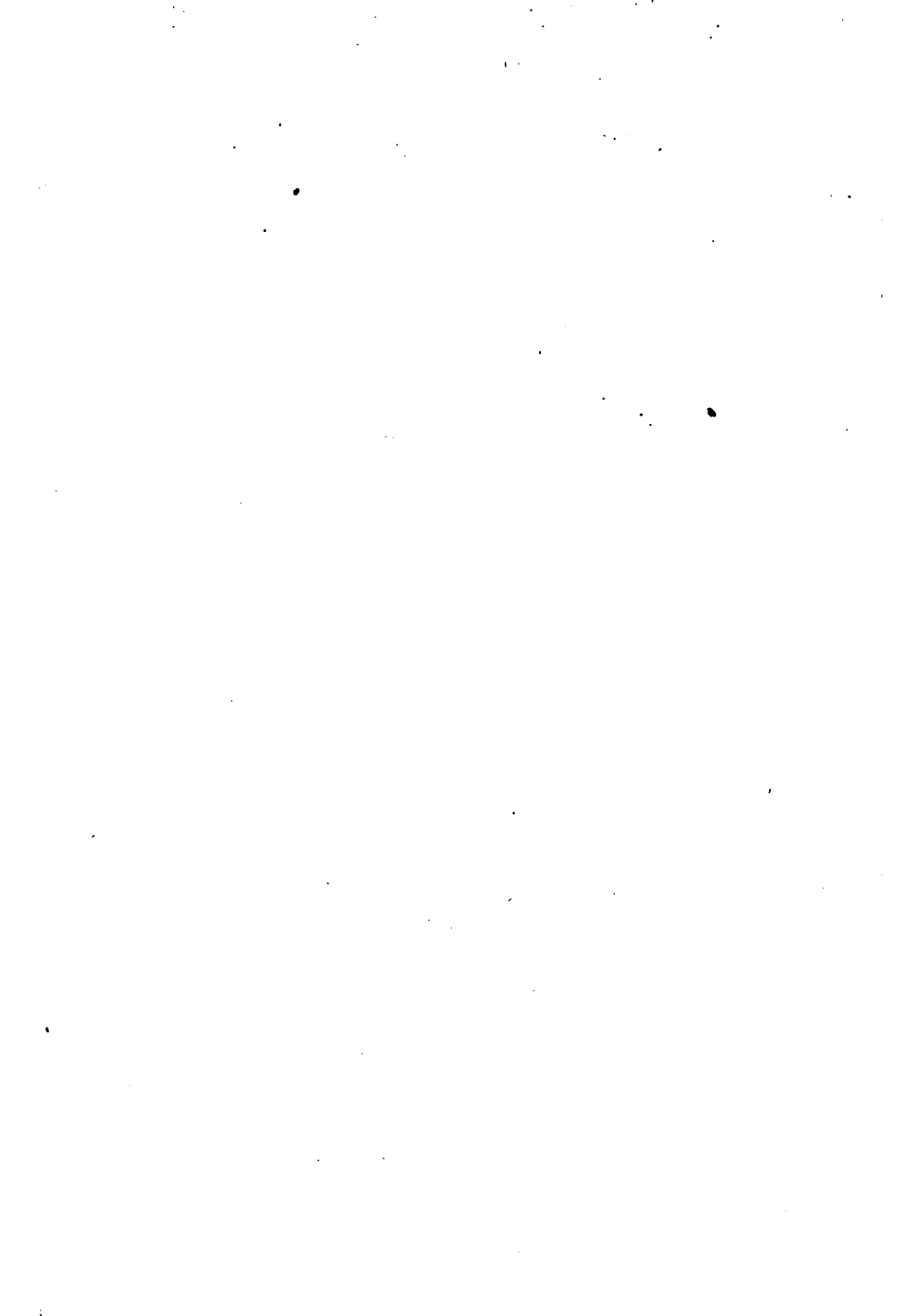
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

1. Party. American.



NBI
Thile



THE OCEAN OF DREAMS,

AND

OTHER POEMS.



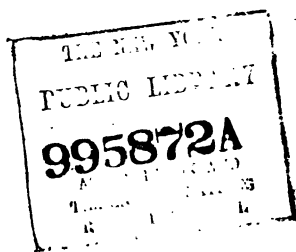
THE OCEAN OF DREAMS,
AND OTHER POEMS.

BY
CAROLYN HOWARD PHILP.

1



F. TENNYSON NEELY,
PUBLISHER,
LONDON. NEW YORK.



Copyright, 1898,
by
F. TENNYSON NEELY
in
United States
and
Great Britain.
All Rights Reserved.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Ocean of Dreams.....	7
Till Break of Day.....	10
The Stream.....	12
To Phyllis.....	15
The Norseman's Death Song.....	17
A Legend of El Carmelo.....	19
Sunrise.....	25
My Kingdom Over-Sea.....	27
The Evacuation of Fort Niagara by the British Troops	28
Arthur Cleveland Coxe: In Memoriam.....	32
My Lady's Garden.....	35
Children of Doubt..	38
Sonnet.....	40
Tying Dolly's Shoes.....	41
Via Stultitia.....	42
A Midsummer Lullaby.....	44
Venus to Adonis.....	46
"I Want No Heaven Without Thee.".....	48
The Lilies.....	50

	PAGE
An Eastern Carol.....	52
In the Valley of Doubt.....	54
Our River.....	57
Omar Khayyám.....	59
Thanksgiving.....	61
A Valentine.....	62
La Naissance de l'Anneé.....	64
Lilies and Cypress.....	66
The Frost King.....	67
November Days.....	68
Dawn.....	69
Easter Bells.....	70
One Day.....	72
A Twilight Reverie.....	73
Love Ascendant.....	75
In California: A Christmas Carol.....	77
Silver and Gold.....	79
On Thanksgiving Morning.....	82
May.....	84

THE OCEAN OF DREAMS.

To the country of Fancy, when night shades
descend,

Toward the West where its outlines are
traced,

Far away from the cares that know never an
end,

Come, thou weary world-traveller, haste!

Lo, the city of Romance, that country's
delight,

Is enthroned the blue ocean beside,
And the river of Poesy flows every night
To commingle its sweets with the tide.

From the harbor of Sleep when the sunset
draws nigh,

When the dying light heavenward streams,
We will float, to the strains of a soft lullaby,
O'er the beautiful ocean of Dreams.

When the ship once sets sail, she will leave far
behind

All our worry and trouble and grief;
We shall drift through the channel of sweet
Peace of Mind

That draws life from the spring of Relief.

In the ocean of Dreams, the green islands of
Rest

Give their shelter to all who will stay,
And the burden of sorrow is eased from each
guest

Whom the morrow must speed on his way.

On the ocean of Dreams, when the morning
stars sing,

There are interludes passing belief;
Of the soul's fond desire they breathe, but
take wing

When the ship grates Reality's reef.

There are cliffs 'neath whose masses rebellious
waves beat,

And 'tis thither the pilot must steer;

From the rocks of Awakening none may retreat,
And the earth that we live in stands near.

With the dawn of the morn the calm voyage
must close,

Though vain tears swell the ocean of Dreams,
For the half of man's life must be wearisome
prose

That the ransom of fancy redeems.

TILL BREAK OF DAY.

Hold we life dear,
Because its portals wide
Show not the swelling tide
That our slight craft must ride
Where destiny may steer.

Is it that fame
May yield a laurel crown,
Man's measure of renown?
Unless stern fate should frown
And void be honor's claim!

Or shall the love
That falls from heaven's gate
Unto our low estate
All minor griefs abate,
And lead our souls above?

Could we but see
Adown the weary years,
Our pilgrimage of tears
An endless path appears,
Wrapped in obscurity.

Did not a veil
Its softening shadows cast,
And hide, from first to last,
The woe that must be passed,
How would our courage fail!

There cometh light,
The morrow's glowing day,
Yet let us lowly pray,
"In mercy hide our way
Till sorrow takes its flight!"

Aye, God be praised,
Our cross we do not know!
Else would we faintly go,
With halting step and slow,
To where its arms are raised!

THE STREAM.

A stream new sprung from forest glade,
From moss-grown rocks between,
Has dared to leave the sylvan shade
To brave life's trials undismayed,
Its perils all unseen.

It flows undaunted on for miles
Adown its craggy bed,
Through narrow flumes and dark defiles,
Till wider path its depth beguiles
A greater course to spread.

Low-lying meadows give a shore
Whence browsing kine drink deep;
Across the sands the waters pour,
Then gain in power more and more,
And thunder down the steep.

The placid reaches lie so still
The current seems at rest;
And who may know the hidden thrill
That forces passage, 'gainst her will,
From old earth's niggard breast!

And now the tide, resistless, stern,
Must fight a hard-won way,
With mighty strength all hindrance spurn,
Till baffled rocks and reefs shall learn
How futile is their stay.

And once an eddy, swirling, tries
To hasty flight retrace,
As though, perchance, sweet memories,
Or slighted glimpse of Paradise,
Had charmed its wayward pace.

All passion-tossed and white with foam
Has passed the river's youth,
But now the salt sea calls it home,
And soon to ending shall there come
The journey's joy and ruth.

Sweep on, oh strongly swinging tide,
Where ocean bids thee flow,
And as thy once pent waters glide
On, on to boundaries earth-wide,
So shall the world stream grow!

TO PHYLLIS.

I know, sweetheart, no other maid who can
with thee compare
In purity, and lofty thought, and beauty wondrous fair;
Though evil fortune marks its prey, yet still
mankind must give
Glad gratitude from inmost heart that such as
thee do live!

Thy scarlet lip may lure men's love, thy flowing hair seduce,
But still thy willing captives kneel, and fly a flag of truce!
As limpid lakes among the hills reflect o'erhanging skies,
So maiden bloom of innocence is patent in thine eyes.

The graciousness of girlhood's dawn, the
loyalty of youth,

The sweet concern for others' weal, the speech
that breathes of truth,

The calm content that in thee dwells despite
thy lowly state,

All these within one childlike soul, 'twere
hard to overrate.

Oh may the fateful, coming years fruition full
proclaim!

The picture needs no gilded band; it suits its
modest frame.

And who may marvel, Phyllis dear, that high
beyond compare

Within all hearts thou art enshrined, a spirit
passing rare!

THE NORSEMAN'S DEATH SONG.

Out from the palace of Odin,
Bold in her maiden might,
Afloat on a cloud of glory,
The Valkyrie rides the night.
She brooks no dream of resistance;
The flame of her glance is death,
Yet kindles a living passion
That burns on the dying breath.

Open the doors of Valhalla,
Ready the godlike feast,
And seats are there for the victors
Who account this world the least,
Whose hearts are bowed in submission,
Who follow the Vikings' rite.
One farewell bowl for my wassail!
The Valkyrie rides the night!

Staunch in the faith of my fathers,
Kings of the surging seas,
I yield to the flood my spirit,
Obeying the gods' decrees.
The ship of flame have I entered ;
Great Thor, steer my course aright!
The Rainbow Bridge is before me!
The Valkyrie rides the night!

A LEGEND OF EL CARMELO.

In the Western country, by the fair Pacific's
tide,

Where ne'er had pressed usurper's foot, where
haughty Spaniards lived and died,

Where first the mountains caught the dawn
Aurora's bounty gave,

Stood the Mission, bathed in sunlight, spire
lofty, cross, and nave.

And all around lay fertile meadows far as
chime sounds from yon bell,

Chosen with such wondrous foresight—may our
blest Lady rest him well!

By sainted Padre Serro, of Franciscan monks
the chief,

Who shrived the Spanish nobles, and com-
forted all grief.

In the shadow of the Mission wall, resting
 'neath the holy cross,
Anita's cottage of adobe, with steep roof of
 clinging moss,
Looked forth adown the valley, where her
 fathers long did reign
Since first they hurled far from their lives the
 yoke of ancient Spain.

Beauteous was the señorita, with her wealth of
 dusky hair,
With dark eyes of soul-lit splendor, and cheek
 and lip of tint so rare;
Small wonder that the gallants came from far
 and came from near
To woo fair maid Anita with soft words, to
 women dear.

But fruitless, they found, was all compliment,
 to no result their sighs;
Still she told the beads of her rosary, indiffer-
 ence in her eyes.

The days and the months flew swiftly by, to
wed no man she deigned;
And when the lovely June time came twice
nine years she attained.

And now from over the bright blue seas came
a sailor lover bold;
He made his way to Anita's side, and bravely
his passion told.
And she, who had scorned all others, came
down from her high disdain,
And freely gave to the sailor lad the heart they
sought in vain.

Oh the golden hours flew by apace, and the
summer sun above,
Peeping into the Mission garden, caught many
a glimpse of love;
And the skies of heaven were fairer, the birds
more sweetly sang,
The flowers gave richer fragrance, for joy the
church chimes rang.

Alas! too soon the fleeting transit of sweet
summer's glowing hour
Forth called the unwilling sailor lad from maid
Anita's bower;
But they curbed their woe at parting with
dreams of meeting soon,
When should be no separation beneath the sun
and moon.

All through the garden paths they walked
when his time of leaving came.
Showing her a tiny rose tree, "Cloth of
Gold," of long-won fame,
He told her when its blossoms showed their
parting would be o'er,
For then her true love would return, to leave
her never more.

The señorita, 'twixt her sobbing and her
swiftly flowing tear,
Thereupon gave her promise sacred that her
love should find her here;

And then, with fond embraces and many a
vow of truth,
He sailed away in his white-winged ship; a
sad day, that, in sooth!

L'ENVOI.

The years are gone, and the years are come,
and the years are passing still,
And the Mission old is standing yet on the
brow of Carmel's hill;
But we see not the dark-eyed maiden, nor yet
the rose tree small,
Planted where meet the light and shade beside
the Mission wall.

But there stands an ancient, stately tree,
towering high in the air,
With its wealth of foliage green and bright, in
truth, a sight most fair;
And in its shade a watcher sits, who patiently
doth wait
For him who still she hopes may come before
it is too late.

The odorous bloom of the rose tree gleams soft
in the setting sun;

Bright rays illumine the silver crown of the
woman whose love, once won,

Clings ever faithfully to him who is gone so
far away,

For whose coming she watches still beside the
trait'rous bay.

SUNRISE.

When Aurora crowns the morning with a flood
of rosy light,
When the evanescent shadows show the waning
of the night,
When, smiling, lovely nature her Creator
seems to laud,
Then it is the human soul turns, adoring, to
its God.

Far away, beyond the mountains, shines the
golden, rising sun,
Indicating by his presence man's work daily
to be done,
And the countless stars of heaven fade rapidly
away,
Their lesser brilliance paling in the glory of
the day.

Lo, brighter, opalescent, grows the lovely
morning sky;

Larks carol forth their daybreak song unto the
heavens high!

And now the prancing horses of Phœbus'
chariot light

Appear above the horizon! Day triumphs
over night!

MY KINGDOM OVER SEA.

There is a kingdom over-sea
That borders Paradise;
Thence sorrow and heart-yearnings flee,
And true love never dies.
For when life ends at heaven's door,
'Tis but a step to love yet more.

My king is where my kingdom is;
A royal monarch he!
No heart more tender beats than his
In sovereign loyalty.
The night winds o'er the waters glide,
And bid me hasten to his side.

Come, breezes, fill yon empty sail,
Come, love, my barque to steer!
Fate, speed my way through storm or gale
Until the land draws near!
That land where life is fair delight,
Where reigns my king in regal might!

THE EVACUATION OF FORT NIAGARA
BY THE BRITISH TROOPS.

August 11, 1796-1896.

As Niagara's fierce waters find on calm On-
tario's breast,
After life of surging tumult, sweet tranquillity
and rest,
So when war's resistless fury and discordant
conflicts cease,
Heaven sends the tortured country all the glad
relief of peace.

Dark the years that went before the day we
meet to celebrate,
For the colonies were weak to cope with
Britain's mighty state.
Never was more bitter struggle, never yet were
greater odds,
And the glory of o'ercoming them was not
man's due, but God's!

For never yet with tolerant eye has He beheld
a wrong,
But righteous cause the victor makes, howe'er
its foe be strong.
Our fathers fought with courage grand on
many a bloodstained field,
And freedom was the mighty force that made
the English yield.

Of the Revolution's heroes, there was surely
only one,
The statesman-leader of them all, our glorious
Washington,
Who dreamed the little nucleus that the Thir-
teen States gave birth
Would radiate its influence over all the sen-
tient earth.

From California's golden realm, across the
mountains' crest,
From Mississippi's valleys fair, and from out
the great Northwest,

To where the Atlantic sobs and moans, and
 beats the rocks in vain,
From Florida's deep morasses northward to
 the Great Lakes' chain.

All this, our matchless heritage, and its fullest
 breadth and length,
Shall refuge yield the oppressed and poor,
 whose weakness seeks our strength;
For we give the truest honor to our patriotic
 dead
When we share the sweets of liberty, for which
 their blood was shed.

Ay, right proudly may her daughter fair the
 mother-country see,
Nor blush to tell an envying world her glad
 maternity,
And Great Britain and America shall in closer
 union bind
The ties that war has severed twice, yet are
 firmly now entwined.

May Niagara's green ramparts hostile foot-
steps never know!

Let fierce discord cease its turmoil, and fraternal
spirit grow;

And where'er the Stars and Stripes may float,
let tyrants stand aside,

And as freemen raise we freedom's flag, 'neath
which our fathers died!

Peace, prosperity, and freedom may America
retain!

May our richly dowered country new stars for
her banner gain!

And when glory crowns the nations, may
America's dear name,

For her strength and truth, and justice, head
the honor-roll of fame!

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE.

In Memoriam.

An angel was borne on the soft West wind,
Over hill and dale he came;
An immortal garland he swiftly twined
With the laurel leaves of fame,
Then bound the chaplet so grandly won
On the brow of the Church's faithful son.

Then the angel whispered a message sweet
Of release from pain and care,
That by God's own throne was a waiting seat,
And a Father's welcome there.
So with glad content his soul took flight
To the bourne where faith is lost in sight.

Staunch priest of the Church, in his glowing
faith

How he swayed the souls of men!

He awakened conscience from torpor and
death,

And spurred it to guide again.

And who but hears now his ringing voice,
Bidding us all in God's love rejoice!

Life's sorrow and anguish he knew full well;

Who is loved must chastening bear.

How gently his words of sympathy fell,

And how fatherly was his care!

To those who mourned for their dear ones,
dead,

His wisdom brought calm and peace instead.

And to those who knew how his eager thought

Longed for knowledge's store sublime,

How his virtue's crown would seem fitly
wrought

Were the mysteries of time

Laid open before him, full revealed,

Of their source and sequence naught concealed.

Not one have we here to fill his place;

When his kindly spirit fled,

'Twas because all knew of his heart's sweet
 grace

That such bitter tears were shed.

And surely he knows, in heaven above,

How his dear name lives in his children's love.

MY LADY'S GARDEN.

In my lady's garden, oh,
Old-time blossoms thrive and grow;
Changing fashions come and go,
Nor touch my lady's garden, oh!

Lilies lift their stately heads
By the path her light foot treads;
Heliotrope rich fragrance sheds
In my lady's garden, oh!

Hollyhocks with blossoms gay,
Four-o'-clocks for time of day,
Bend them to the breeze's sway
In my lady's garden, oh!

Bees that kiss each flower face
Revel in this fairy place.
Honeyed store in every space
In my lady's garden, oh!

Truly, 'tis enchanted ground
That the hedges high surround!
Fairer realm could ne'er be found
Than my lady's garden, oh!

Magic in the air, meseems,
Floats upon the sunshine's beams,
Fills one's thought with lovers' dreams,
In my lady's garden, oh!

Deepening shadows herald night;
Goes the day in hasty flight.
What a vision of delight
Is my lady's garden, oh!

Hark! The birds do sweeter sing!
Richer scent the blossoms bring!
Round her head the sunrays cling,
My lady in her garden, oh!

As she comes, this fair domain
Fresher beauty seems to gain
From its lovely châtelaine,
My lady in her garden, oh!

Will she stoop to love's soft sway?
Will her sweet lips tell me nay?
At her feet my heart I lay
In my lady's garden, oh!

CHILDREN OF DOUBT.

An age of doubt its children calls us,
And its mother-strength is great;
Dark, agnostic power enthalls us,
And the unseen bears no weight.

The philosophic pitfalls hidden
In the subtle German lore.
Ensnare their fallen prey, unhidden
By the shattered faith of yore.

Rebels the soul against extinction,
Though its earthly way be drear;
Deep-rooted grows innate conviction
Of no spirit death to fear.

To evolution's widening message
Must all human hearts hold fast,
Its sure, unceasing progress presage
Of life slaying death at last.

Though heavy daily hangs our burden,
Though the mind's light dimly burns,
For never-ending life as guerdon
Every sentient being yearns.

Ah, brethren, let us turn from science
To our instinct deep within.
To sombre doubt bid staunch defiance!
Thus safe stronghold shall we win.

SONNET.

Oh October, thou sun-kissed maiden fair,
We hail thy winsome face, thy dreamy days,
When all the earth is wrapped in purple haze,
When autumn's subtle touch pervades the air!
The foliage is turned to red and gold,
Tints that the great Master-Artist hath laid;
Yon sky displays a matchless azure shade
That grows more blue than in the days of old.
Oh mellow month! Oh sweet and golden time!
Thou daughter of the year whom poets sing!
Forever shall thine own immortal rhyme
Meet tribute, to thy wondrous beauty bring.
Kindled by thy touch, the forests are aflame,
Beacons of welcome, to greet October's name.

TYING DOLLY'S SHOE.

I've been tying Dolly's shoe;
Dolly wears a number two!
Instep arched, as white as milk
Through her stocking of black silk!

I've been tying Dolly's shoe,
Learned a secret guessed by few;
Flashed there such a vision sweet
As I knelt at Dolly's feet.

For, in tying Dolly's shoe,
Jewelled buckle, garter blue,
Ravished all my senses quite,
Stole my heart from me outright!

VIA STULTITIAE.

Oftentimes our slightest deed entails our
deepest woe;

Out of all due proportion its wages seem to
grow.

Sage nor saint will fail to tell us that folly is
not sin,

Yet yields as bitter 'sorrow to the anguished
heart within.

Perchance 'twas but an idle word, rashly spoke
or penned,

A trifle, but in malice told, it severed friend
from friend.

Affection that long years have tried a thought-
less speech may break,

And loss of love is hard to bear, though caused
by a mistake.

And then the stinging pain that comes when
 one has freely given
Ideals, fancies, confidence, his hopes of earth
 and heaven,
To one who proves himself to be a traitor to
 the trust,
Who drags our aspirations from Olympus to
 the dust!
Ay, folly leads the pilgrim soul a thorn-sur-
 rounded way!
Little things that hap amiss oft darken all the
 day;
Though small the links, they weigh him down
 with wondrous heavy chain,
Who treads the weary path of life, its distant
 goal to gain.

A MIDSUMMER LULLABY.

Love, let sleep enfold thee in its wooing arms,
Let the dream god thrall thee with his drowsy
 charms!

Warmly glows the sunlight in the heavens high,
And the noonday breezes croon a lullaby.

Drooping are the blossoms, languid hang the
 leaves;

Silent grow the swallows, nesting 'neath the
 eaves.

Only muffled murmurs through the treetops
 creep;

Come, close thine eyes, my darling, yield thy-
 self to sleep.

From the leafy trellis bends the crimson rose,
Lying on thy pillow lures thee to repose;

In that fragrance heavy all thy senses steep,
While the clinging petals, like poppies, woo
to sleep.

Let sweet slumber clasp thee while my cradle-
song
Gives thee heaven-born visions that to lovers
throng,
Music that enchants thee, softly though 'tis
sung,
Music that love answered when the world was
young!

Faithful vigil keeping by my dear one's side,
Naught of ill shall enter, naught of harm be-
tide;
So, dear heart, shall dreamland bring thee tear
nor sigh,
While the low-tuned breezes whisper lullaby.

VENUS TO ADONIS.

Oh foolish youth! and wouldst decline to wed
The queen of beauty, fairest queen of love?
See, in surprise Mount Ida hides her head,
And veils in clouds the upland and the grove.

Am I not fair in perfect womanhood?
Behold how mine eyes melt within thine
own!

Sure in thy veins to ice congeals thy blood,
Else would not ardent Venus love alone!

See'st thou this form? No marble whiter
gleams,

Yet, warm and tender, shalt thou find it
yield.

Look how my hair makes dull the sunlight's
beams;

Olympus' joys are in my kiss revealed.

Oh, cruel youth, still dost thou turn away?
Can amorous glance of Venus be in vain?
Know'st for this love thou wilt not have to-day
Even Jove himself to suppliance might
deign?

What dost thou say, thou most presumptuous
boy?

That Cytherea's favor is light won!
Fain would I bid a thunderbolt destroy,
Wert thou not of my life the very sun!

Yet will I kiss thee, hold thee in my arms,
Then speed thy going, since thou art too
young

To know the love that ravishes and charms
All hearts alike, both gods and men among.

And as for me, impatient must I wait
Until the changing years shall slow go by,
Till thou, then come to manhood's full estate,
Dost to the queen of love on swift wings fly.

**"I WANT NO HEAVEN WITHOUT
THEE."**

I want no heaven without thee, love,
Nor bliss that centres there;
A dreamless night were better far
Than days we may not share.

When Vathêk and Nouronihal
Were doomed to hell's dark space,
For punishment aversion read
Each in the other's face.

E'en such sad lot, methinks, I choose.
Than ne'er to know thee near,
For heart to heart would pulse the love
That needs must not appear.

Though angel choirs in dazzling ranks
With melody rejoice,
One strain alone I long to hear,
The music of thy voice.

And though the sun forever shines
O'er fields of Paradise,
To me all light is darkly veiled
Save that from thy dear eyes.

If impious this low-breathed wish,
High pardon do I crave,
And God will never score its strength
Against the love He gave.

And when, before the Ivory Gate,
As supplicants we bend,
Thy guidance true shall point the way
To joys that know no end.

THE LILIES.

In the dewy morning
 Stood the lilies fair,
From the day's glad dawning
 Drawing sunny share.
Yet, all discontented,
 Every flower sighed;
As its anger vented,
 "Ah, 'tis chill," each cried.

In the noontide burning
 Hotly blazed the sun,
Still, their life lot spurning,
 Scornful, one by one,
In ill-tempered fashion
 Every lily swayed,
And in white-heat passion,
 "Ah, we burn," each said.

Ere the tranquil gloaming
Fell from heaven's height,
Came a storm cloud, roaming,
Turned the day to night;
When the tempest's fury
Passed in might away,
Shorn of haughty glory,
Prone the lilies lay.

AN EASTER CAROL.

Sing we merrily, loud and clear,
A carol to our Saviour dear,
Who for us men this Easter day
Rose from the tomb wherein He lay.

Chant our carol gayly,
Ring it through the air!
Dawns the day so brightly,
Easter, calm and fair!

Now ended are His grief and pain;
In lofty heaven doth He reign!
Risen above earth's sin and woe,
He hath triumphed o'er the foe.

Chant our carol gayly,
Ring it through the air!
Dawns the day so brightly
Easter calm and fair!

This day so grand, so glorious,
Doth see Him reign, victorious;
This morning sweet in Paradise
Doth see the mighty Conqueror rise!

Chant our carol gayly,
Ring it through the air!
Dawns the day so brightly,
Easter, calm and fair!

Then sing we with attuned voice
The chant that bids all men rejoice!
Earth and heaven in joyous lay
Shall hail the blessed Easter day!

Chant our carol gayly,
Ring it through the air!
Dawns the day so brightly,
Easter, calm and fair!

IN THE VALLEY OF DOUBT.

'Tis only a sigh from an aching heart,
A heart that has measured grief,
But it comes from a breast that has small part
Of hope for its soul's relief.

Our hell is the place, as 'twas said of old,
Where hope has forever died;
When a woman must see her love grown cold,
It opens its portals wide.

Though struggle she may for an hour's space,
The threshold at last is crossed,
And she borders the realm where hope's sweet
face
In sad certainty is lost.

Oh, you whom I gave both my heart and soul,
All honor, all truest love,

Let faith in my faith pierce the mists that roll
From dark falsehood's steeps above!

Your feet are treading the valley of doubt,
And deceiving is the shade;
With malice compassed all round about,
A misstep is easy made.

Go back to the memory of time passed by :
Seemed there aught in me untrue
In the summer days, 'neath the autumn sky,
When our honeymoon was new?

No test is too hard for me to fear,
To prove that my faith stands fast;
The love that you woke in my bosom here
Is yours to the very last.

Take me back to your breast, my love, my
king!

My truth against falsehood weigh;
In the scale of life, 'tis a common thing
That for charge unjust we pay.

That you share this torture that throbs and
burns,

My sweetheart, full well I know.

Let suspicion die, while your life-troth turns
To love's heaven here below.

OUR RIVER.

When sinks the setting sun in the West,
Falling asleep on the pale sky's breast,
Then, in the midst of the golden glow,
Changing to dusk as the hours go,
Our river's grandeur is loved by all,
Even when held in the winter's thrall.

Sweet on the air sounds the wild bird's note,
And as onward we dreamily float
Over the crest of the waves' long swell,
Falls there upon us a magic spell;
And o'er the river the church bells chime,
Heavenly music in twilight time.

The rippling water is tinted bright;
Many a color and shade of light
Are reflected on that surface fair.
Mists of the cataract rising there,

And brooding so softly high in air,
Add a beauty to the scene most rare.

Never a country on God's green earth
To a fairer stream has given birth,
Though old world poets through ages long
Others have lauded in deathless song.
Shadowy now 'neath the stars' faint light,
Our river rests in the arms of night.

OMAR KHAYYAM.

Come, fill to the brim the loving-cup
 With nectar that Jove might drain!
How the amber tide circles slowly up,
 The gold-rimmed edge to gain!
From the fairest flagons shall wine, most sweet
 And softened by kindly time,
Be drawn to pledge deep in a spirit meet
 The king of all Persian rhyme.
The tentmaker, Omar, who frankly scorned
 The Sufis' fond deceit,
Who laughed in the face of to-day that warned,
 Yet knelt at to-morrow's feet!
Was the "Wine, wine, wine," that at Naishá-
 púr
 Over crimson roses flowed
The life of the soul, or the senses lure
 The fruit of the vine bestowed?

We may answer little. His wisdom's might
Over lesser minds soars high;
We ponder his song, and adore the light
That shines betwixt smile and sigh.

Lo, the North wind whispers, and bids the rose
Bloom reddest where Omar lies;
It scatters the petals afar, and blows
To the fair, warm Southern skies.

Come, fill the cup brimming with golden wine
That he loved so well and praised,
And to him and the Daughter of the Vine
Do we drink with glass upraised!

THANKSGIVING.

Thanksgiving is come with its bountiful cheer
To close the fair end of a prosperous year,
And the men of the earth, with praise and with
love,

All glory ascribe to the great King above.

Yet all hearts, perchance, are not happy and
glad;

To many a mourner, to-day must be sad.

But to those who in woe or sorrow do weep
Come words of sweet comfort, "Not dead, but
asleep."

Then let all the great world lay trouble aside,
And turn to where love and peace ever abide,
And there, at the altar of God, our heart's
king,

A heartfelt thanksgiving let every man bring!

A VALENTINE.

Alackaday! Alackaday!

Young Cupid's lost his bow!

His arrows too he's gamed away

To a most skillful foe.

Alas! too often has he played

At hearts with you, my pretty maid!

He sadly sits and weeps alone

While you his weapons wield;

He sees his reputation gone,

Outdone in his own field!

As you draw the magic bow,

Love-tipped arrows speeding go.

Oh archer sweet, too well you aim!

Your target is my heart.

What can I do to ease the pain,

And make its sting depart?

Laughing, mocks she my sad plight,
Following her arrow's flight.

Come, Cupid, haste we to the shrine
That loved and loving seek!
We'll kneel before Saint Valentine,
Burn candles for a week!
Entreat of him that bow of yours,
The whole my wound the archer cures!

LA NAISSANCE DE L'ANNÉE.

The Old Year's moments are speeding fast,
And cometh the New apace.
I listen to hear the tempest's blast,
The storm that attends the race;
For the wind sweeps fierce, and the snow's cold
pall
In readiness spreads for the dead year's fall.

Deep down in my heart where sorrow lies,
All my sorrow so bitter, so keen,
A hope is born as the Old Year dies,
Yet for tears is hardly seen;
The months that are gone were a tyrant's
reign,
And my love may come in the New Year's
train.

But hark! there rings through the midnight
air

The chime of the joy-bells clear,
The heralds that call, with trumpets' blare,
That the promised king is here,
And the strong winds soften their strident roar
As the goal stands near, and the race is o'er.

The night when the bells proclaimed the birth
Of the Christ-Child sent to men,
My soul shared neither in peace nor mirth,
Thinking ne'er to hope again.
But to-night! Ah, my heart is freed from pain,
For my love is come in the glad year's train!

LILIES AND CYPRESS.

If the grave brings a blank forgetting,
Ends the conflict of good and ill,
Why fight the temptation besetting?
Why not take life's sweets, and be still?

If the soul must meet endless sleeping,
A slumber no thought shall awake,
Let us haste from the night's sad weeping
To the rest that no dawn shall break.

Yet if death be a night-draught merely,
For what end were the world folk wrought?
And why does our love burn so clearly,
If our souls and ourselves are naught?

Ay, love solves the problem of doubting
That unfaith and sophistry give;
All temptations at last bravely routing,
Through the gateway of death shall we live.

THE FROST KING.

Oh the frost king comes, a monarch bold!

He summons his vassal band;

With crimson and gold of a warmth untold,

The forests glow 'neath his hand.

Oh the frost king smiles, and his smile de-
ceives,

But his victims' doom falls fast!

For he slyly thieves the resplendent leaves,

And their glory's day is past.

Oh the frost king comes in murderous mind,

And his royal grasp is chill;

There's a touch unkind, and a freezing wind,

And summer dies at his will!

NOVEMBER DAYS.

As when from a dream one rouses,
And from fancy's magic throne
To prosaic earth awakens,
So the summer days are flown.
Now the rampant blast of autumn
Chills the land with icy breath;
All the wildwood flowers shiver,
Fearing swift decay and death.

Where the daisy-studded meadows
Underfoot soft carpet yield,
Wandered we through many an hour,
And the springtide's promise sealed.
When the summer sun ascendant,
Drove to shaded woodland dell,
'Neath the oaks' wide-spreading shelter
Potent still the mystic spell.

But full transient is June's queenship,
And November skies are drear;
Of the coming of the winter
Sure signs manifold are here.
And to love's rejoicing daydreams
Comes the late year's dying blight,
So the waning summer solstice
Is the lodestar of our night.

DAWN.

Now pale with longing, now flushed with wild
desire,
Jove-like, high heaven bends to woo the
earth;
As Danaë once was wed with golden fire,
So this fair marriage gives the glad dawn
birth.

EASTER BELLS.

Hear the joyous Easter bells!
Through the air their music swells!
O'er the world, the chimes repeat,
Tidings to all Christians sweet,
Alleluia, alleluia, Christ is risen!

From the churches of our land
Thanks arise on every hand;
Peace and plenty reign to-day.
Lent has gone its cross-crowned way!
Alleluia, alleluia, Christ is risen!

Years ago, in Galilee,
Jesus lived for you and me;
So let us this Easter day,
Join with the bells in their lay,
Alleluia, alleluia, Christ is risen!

For us did He gladly brave
All the terrors of the grave,
And one day we too shall rise
To meet Jesus in the skies,
Alleluia, alleluia, Christ is risen!

Hear the happy Easter bells!
Story grand their sweet chime tells!
Far and near it swells and rings,
Requiem of death it sings,
Alleluia, alleluia, Christ is risen!

ONE DAY.

There, where the Southern breezes blow
'Neath the sunny Southern sky,
Where the seagulls at random fly,
Where the swift tides ebb and flow,
Many a long, long year ago,
We wandered, you and I.

Rolled and surged at our very feet
The treacherous, foam-flecked sea;
Down from the bloom-clad orange tree,
Filling the air with perfume sweet,
Soft there fell a garland meet
For love's futurity.

That was indeed a golden day
Because of the love that reigned,
A passion pure, whose strength, attained
'Mid sunshine and flying spray
Where the South winds gently play,
Has lessened naught, nor waned.

A TWILIGHT REVERIE.

Softly the haze of the twilight falls over the
darkening room,
And the tender shadows gather to increase the
cheery gloom ;
'Tis the hour of dream-born fancies before the
fall of night,
Fit time to roam in realms unknown, creations
of twilight!

The setting sun, in its westward flight, a
moment still delays,
And the clouds, looming up in masses, with
glory are ablaze ;
Far out o'er the azure heavens, their opal tints
extend,
The last of day, the first of night, in softened
lustre blend.

Twilight, the mystic hour of all, when fairies
 reveal their lore,

Doth spread abroad a mantle gray to cover the
 whole world o'er.

Perchance the dusk brings remembrance of one
 red-letter day,

Called by the tranquil gloaming from the dim
 past, far away.

Ay, back to thoughts of days gone by, in
 memory's fields we roam,

And oft the souls of dear-loved friends in
 transient vision come;

Ah me! that dreamland's hour must pass!

 We wake from our delight

To find all but a fancy, a myth of the sunset
 light!

LOVE ASCENDANT.

Joy draws so near, deep rapture of my heart,
Almost I fear, though reason may deride,
Lest some unkindly hand or evil art
Dash the ambrosial cup from me aside.

My sweet desire to consummation grows
As merge the days in weeks of years to be;
Strengthened, it sprung where gracious Lethe
flows,
Whose placid waters still grim memory.

I have forgot the barren aftermath
That early harvest follows swift a-field.
Though foeman's shadow darken now the path,
Prone nor faint-hearted, will I vantage yield.

Sorrow, betake thee to the distant hills!
Stay thy stern hand, thy bent to wound
restrain!

Spirit of pain, with thine attendant ills,
Swell in long exile sorrow's gloomy train!

If passing years have known of gentle deeds,
Now is of full return a thousandfold;
Warm sunlight thrills the embryotic seeds
Till, deep within, the flowers of hope unfold.

Open before me lies life's golden page,
Whose glad enchantment knows nor bound,
nor stay!

Love's star transcendent shines through every
age,
Now marks the dawning of the perfect day.

IN CALIFORNIA.

A Christmas Carol.

Hark, souls of men! Come, listen to the
merry Christmas bells!

What a sweet and wondrous story their rip-
pling music tells!

'Tis the immortal carol, how the King of men
came here

To bring the world love, hope, and peace, to
banish pain and fear.

The air is perfume-laden by the fragrant
orange-bloom;

Everywhere the dazzling sunshine forbids all
thought of gloom.

The zephyrs through the treetops murmur
gently as they play,

And the land is glad, and ready to welcome
Christmas day.

Oh hear the crystal river as it swiftly glides
along!

It adds its lowly music to the universal song.
The hills that lift their snow-capped heads up
to the Southern sky

Send a psalm of thanksgiving to the all-wise
One on high.

Then join we in the carol that ascends from
all to-day;

Both men's and angels' voices mingle in the
happy lay.

And we celebrate the birthday of the blessed
Prince of Peace,

In His message that on earth good will to men
shall never cease.

SILVER AND GOLD.

When all the stars and planets
Gained their radiance bright,
The sun, in greedy fashion,
Stole all the golden light;
He dashed in lordly triumph
Across the heavens blue,
And all the world celestial
Knew scarcely what to do.

"A sprinkling of fine gold dust
Remains alone," said one;
"What should have decked our thousands
Is ravished by the sun.
No lack of silver is there,
But who could willing be,
To lose such glittering beauty
As men would throng to see!"

Disputed they together
Until the calm moon spoke;
"I guard from night's dark evil
The earth's faint-hearted folk.
Since humble is my duty,
Ambition I resign;
The stars may have the gold dust,
The silver shall be mine."

When earth beheld the morning,
When paled each lambent star,
Loud laughed the sun, exultant,
On-looking from afar.
"Ah, how this glowing splendor
Displays my foresight keen!
When golden light is flashing,
No silver can be seen."

But swift there came the mid-day,
And through the æther clear
The world beheld a vision
Of loveliness appear.

The sun in futile fury
Saw he had laughed too soon,
For from the zenith's vantage
Fair shone the crystal moon!

For purity of motive,
Unselfishness of heart,
O'ershadow baser action,
And play no sorry part.
And he who shines the truest,
Is he who brooks no guile,
Although deceit and mammon
Seem conquerors erstwhile.

ON THANKSGIVING MORNING.

Oh, ring, ye merry, joyous bells!

God's praise in song proclaim,
And as on high your carol swells,
Bend low at His dear name!

Ye rivers grand, with murmur clear,
Tell, each in thine own way,
All that has come to bless us here
Since last Thanksgiving day.

And ye, oh fields, in verdure fair,
Though silent breathe your tale,
How all this long and happy year
His dew did ne'er you fail!

Oh, floating clouds in yon blue sky,
I bid you also sing;
Out from your azure depths draw nigh,
Dropping on misty wing.

And men, ye too, for life so fair
Now raise your blithesome lay!
Praise Him who lifteth all our care
On this Thanksgiving day!

MAY.

How brightly breaks the roseate morn in yonder Orient!

How softly the clouds, in masses gay, with dazzling hues are blent!

And see! above the horizon with the harbinger of day

A brilliant vision now doth rise, the fair and flowery May!

The dewy mist that round her form doth cast a sheltering haze

This instant breaks, and flees away 'neath the warm sun's melting gaze;

And holding her wand of twinkling stars, crowned with a wreath of flowers,

The maid steps forth, a winsome queen, to rule the springtide hours.

She wears a robe of azure that rivals heaven's
own tint;

Prismatic hues and rainbow shades in wondrous
radiance glint.

Her shining tresses are fine spun gold, in
rippling mass they fly;

A goddess of light and beauty, she glides from
the glowing sky.

A celestial visitant, she comes to give with
lavish hand

Heaven's own blessing, sent from above, to
gladden all the land.

Then greet the maiden with songs of joy! All
hail the happy day

That brings thee to us with springtime gifts,
oh merry month of May!

